

THE LIBERATOR

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—AT—

21 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 6.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

TERMS—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, in advance.

Five copies will be sent to one address for ten dollars, if paid in advance.

All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed (over R.A.D.) to the General Agent.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of five cents per line.

The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE LIBERATOR.

The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any debts of the paper, viz.: WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDWARD QUINCY, Esq., paper, &c.; WENDELL JACKSON, and WILLIAM L. GARRISON, Jr.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 14.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 1632.

Refuge of Oppression.

THE OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

Those who have deceived the people of Southern Kentucky into rebellion by asserting that the war was waged against slavery will find many convincing proofs in the falsity of the allegation. When the rebels left Hopkinsville, one of their army officers carried off, or rather stole, a slave belonging to Dr. Webber, a well-known citizen of Christian county. The negro was taken by his Confederate master, and the negro was then sold to Fort Donelson, where they both fell into the hands of the Federal forces at the capital.

From thence they were taken with the other prisoners to Indianapolis. When Dr. Webber was informed of their whereabouts, he went immediately to Indianapolis, and stating the case to the commanding officer, requested the surrender of his slave. "Certainly, sir," was the short and efficient answer; and the Doctor returned home with his property, stolen from him by the secessionists and returned to him by "one of the Lincoln Hessians."

We narrate the circumstances as prefatory to the publication of the following correspondence between the venerable Judge Underwood, of Warren county, and General Buell, on the subject of fugitive slaves in the Federal camps. Since the State to repel the invasion attempted by the renegade Buckner and his confederate allies, there has been no single instance of any violation of the rights of any citizen by his slaves, committed by them, while on the other hand there is not a country south of Green river in which the rebels held their temporary assembly that has not suffered severely from the loss of its negroes. Careful estimates show that Christian, and other large tobacco producing counties, have each lost slave property of much greater value than all the fugitives who have heretofore escaped from service, despite the operations of the Federal law for their reclamation. With these undeniable facts staring us in the face, it is monstrous impudence and mendacity on the part of the rebel leaders to keep alive the embers of their subjugated rebellion by asserting that the purpose of the Federal arms is not the re-assertion of the supremacy of the Constitution and the maintenance of the laws, but that the sole aim is either directly or indirectly to subvert the domestic institutions of the South.

As the Federal army advances the sway of the national authority into the very heart of the seceded States, the people will be able to know the truth, and then the scales of delusion will fall from their eyes. The letter of General Buell, we venture to say, will go far toward bringing about this most desirable result, and we ask the attention of our Southern friends to the correspondence as a convincing evidence of the base arts by which they have been betrayed into rebellion.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal,
LOUISVILLE, March 17, 1862.
GENTLEMEN.—Please to publish the enclosed letter received to-day from Gen. Buell. I am sure it will interest your readers.

The rebellion is now kept alive by the apprehension that the National Government and its armies intend to destroy the institution of slavery in the Southern States; and for that purpose the Constitution of the United States is to be utterly disregarded. In my judgment, the people of the South engaged in the rebellion will readily lay down their arms and submit to the re-establishment of our National Constitution, the whole world over, if they can be assured that the General Government and the non-slavingholding States will in good faith adhere to the principles of the Constitution in relation to slavery. I hail Gen. Buell's letter as a manifestation of the right spirit. Respectfully yours,

J. R. UNDERWOOD.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, NASHVILLE, March 6, 1862.

DEAR SIR.—I have had the honor to receive your communication of the 1st inst., on the subject of fugitive slaves in the camps of the army.

It has come to my knowledge that slaves sometimes make their way improperly into our lines, and in some instances they are entitled thereto, but I think the master has been more often by reason of several applications having been made to me by persons whose servants have been found in our camps, and in every instance that I know of the master has recovered his servant, and taken him away.

I need hardly remind you that there will always be found some lawless and mischievous persons in every army; but I assure you that the mass of that army is well-meaning, and that it is neither its disposition nor its policy to violate law or the rights of individuals in any particular. With great respect, your obedient servant,

D. C. BUELL.

Brig.-Gen. Commanding Department.

Hon. J. R. UNDERWOOD, Chairman of Military Committee, Frankfort, Ky.

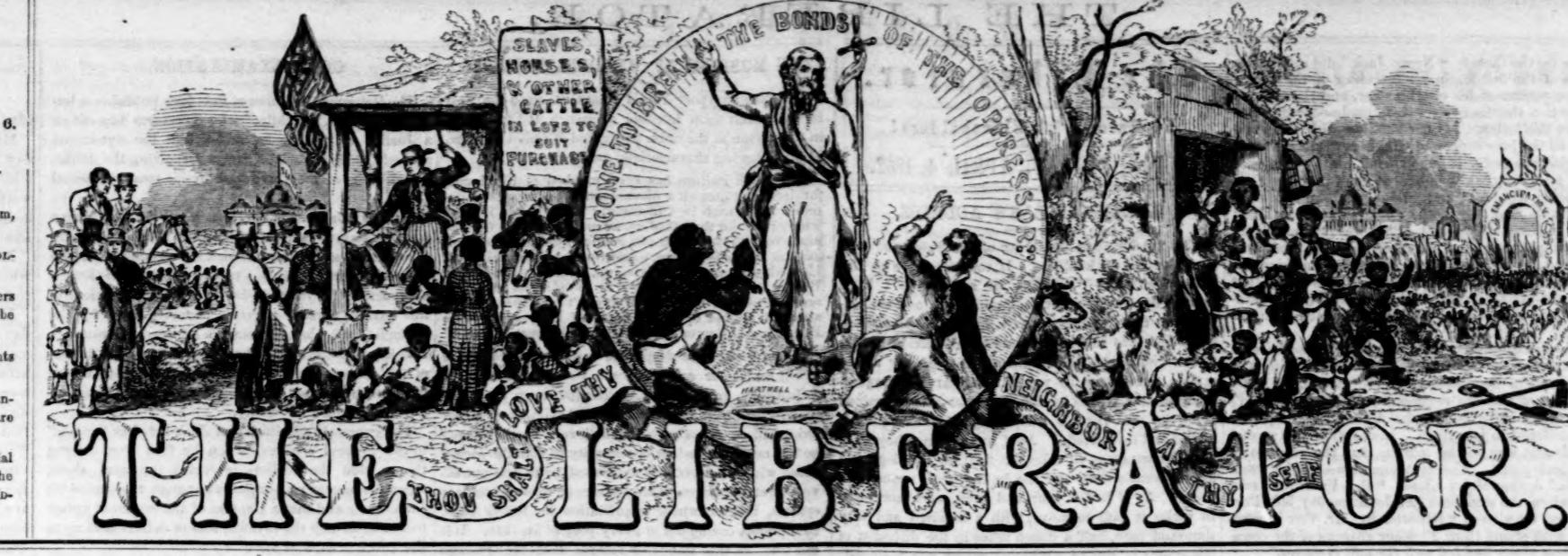
RADICAL ABOLITION VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT'S EMANCIPATION MESSAGE.

We were right. The radical abolitionists can find nothing to admire, but everything to denounce, in President Lincoln's late emancipation message. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, through his Boston *Liberator*, very flatly speaks out his mind upon the subject, in behalf of the whole abolition fraternity. Upon half a dozen specifications in this matter he arraigns the President, examines him, and condemns him in very short metro.

First, the style of the message grates harshly upon the dainty ear of Garrison, and he calls upon the Cabinet to "help the President to mend his phrasology." Let the Cabinet take heed. Secondly, we are told that the resolution proposed by the President "gives no reason for such an anomalous overturn to the slave States;" says nothing about any special exigencies rendering the measure necessary or expedient; and that "upon the face of it, it has no relation to the cause of the rebellion, and in all these particulars is radically defective."

"No relation to the war!" Garrison is very wide of the mark. The whole argument of the Message is directed to this scheme of voluntary and compensated emancipation in the border slave States, as a measure for the speedy suffocation of the rebellion in the cotton States; and Mr. Lincoln's views upon the subject are so very consistent and convincing that we cannot avoid the suspicion of a deliberate perversion of them by Garrison.

Third, "it (the Message) offers a bounty to all the States that are in Confederate rebellion against the government;" but "treason is not a purchasable or negotiable article, and traitors are not to be allowed to make terms with a profit to themselves, by the Government they are seeking to overturn." So says Garrison. But the experience of every nation past or present, is against him in his concessions for the approval of the civilized world, and his memory will rot in spite of the attempt to save it now. John Brown's soul went to God, and unless it went pell-mell for the sins of Harper's Ferry, it was condemned there, and its marching on must be forever in the blackness of outer darkness; else is all preaching vain and all faith vain. The deities of God are no respecters of persons, and a marching song known at the



Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!"

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, civil, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interfere with the institution of slavery, in every way in which it can be interfered with, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, according to the LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory." —J. Q. ADAMS.

J. B. YERINTON & SON, Printers.

Selections.

THE MOBBING OF WENDELL PHILLIPS IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI.

We take the following account of this disturbance (says the New York *Tribune*) from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that being the paper least likely to sympathize with Mr. Phillips. The accounts in the *Guardian* and the *Commercial* are substantially the same. The reader will observe that the telegraphic dispatch in Tuesday's New York papers was wide of the truth. Mr. Phillips did not say that he was a Disunionist, but that he had been one, yet was now for the Union, and in favor of the efforts now being made to restore and preserve it. There is but one opinion in the Cincinnati papers, and that is that the city has been deeply disgraced by an unpardonable outrage, and that the Mayor and police shamefully neglected their duty, if they did not actually instigate the mob.
From the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, March 25.

The announcement that Wendell Phillips would speak at the Opera House created much speculation upon the streets. Thousands of ladies and gentlemen, and the prediction that he would not be permitted to address his audience was in the mouth of everybody. Yet it is apparent that no one believed that any serious attempt to molest him would be made, for a large audience of ladies and gentlemen, representing all shades of political faith, were gathered soon after the doors were opened. How soon these hopes were crushed, and how outrageous the disturbance, will soon be seen.

Cries and execrations resounded from all parts of the house. Eggs were occasionally hurled at the stage, one of which struck Mr. Murray.

The cries were "Lynch the Traitor," "Hang the Nigger," "Tar and feather the Abolitionist." (We omit the profanity.) Ladies and timorous gentlemen made their escape.

The stage was in confusion, and gentlemen from the audience mounted it as a favorable stand-point from which to witness the row. The speaker vainly continued to speak, but could not be heard.

The rowdies came down stairs with cries of "Let us take the stage," "Lynch him," "Put out the gas."

When they reached the middle aisle, the *mob* became general, stood and the ladies were freely used.

Fully aware of the danger, Mr. Pike and other gentlemen were struck while endeavoring to keep the peace.

It is probable that some of the evil-disposed would find the "gas stop" and put out the lights, in which case the loss of life would have been frightful. Mr. Phillips was induced to cease speaking, and the meeting was dispersed.

Both exits from the Opera House were beset by

gangs determined to lynch the obnoxious speaker.

After some delay he was disengaged, and passed out

into the crowd undetected; but it was well on to

midnight before the rowdies left the vicinity of the Opera House.

Thus ended the attempt of Wendell Phillips to

speak in Cincinnati. About eighteen or twenty eggs

were thrown, and a bottle of vitriol was found in the vestibule; it was not used.

From the *Cincinnati Times*.

Such is a plain statement of the whole proceeding.

There was a premeditated design to prevent

Mr. Phillips from lecturing.

It was participated by

many respectable citizens, but the task was com-

mitted to such degraded bands, that many who were anxious to have the lecture interfered with, became ashamed of the affair before the lecture was half over.

The indecency of the mob destroyed the intended

purpose.

The lecture was delivered, and nobody

heard it.

We make no report of Mr. Phillips's speech, and

shall only add that his calmness of manner and moderate opinions surprised a great many, who expected

to hear a raving fanatic.

He avowed himself no

longer a Disunionist,

satisfied that slavery has

already received its death-blow, and has only to "turn over and die."

His efforts now, he said, are directed

to the prevention of compromises, which, in his opinion, would only tend to prolong the contest be-

tween the intellectual democracy of the North and

the aristocracy of the South.

That is his lecture in a nutshell.

From the *Cincinnati Press*.

Every good citizen of Cincinnati regrets the occ-

urrence of last night, and those persons who check-

and the utterance of free thoughts by a display of boul-

ders and rotten eggs have cast a stain upon the good

reputation of our city, which it will be difficult to

efface, however low the authors may be in the scale

of society.

In their comments on the mobbing of Wendell

Phillips, furnished by the journals of Cincinnati,

are some important facts which were omitted in the

telegraphic report of the Associated Press. The

Gazette says—

A gang of the baser sort of humanity, small

compared with the large audience, determined that

they were to be the concern of the sentiments which

the respectable people of Cincinnati should be per-

mitted to hear, and going there with a conspiracy

already arranged, and with missiles and weapons

provided, they succeeded in creating a scene.

Various missiles were hurled upon the stage. One

boulder large enough to kill a man hit him,

was thrown from the gallery, narrowly missing the

speaker.

Probably no public performance at the Opera

House, or anywhere else, has been so destitute of

police as this meeting was.

The people are

entering upon the great struggle which men have

been fighting for years.

They are

endeavoring to

keep the peace.

In regard to

the rowdies

and the

Speaker

and the

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1862.

GEN. McCLELLAN'S ADDRESS.

in against their political friends when they lift their hands to strike down the liberty of speech. We repudiate, with the strongest feeling of disgust and detestation, all mob violence, no matter against whom it is directed, or upon what pretext it is made."

The *Commercial* also declares that the same parties who instigated this disgraceful riot not long ago sympathized with Mr. Yancey when he addressed the citizens of Cincinnati, advocating the kindred principles of slavery and secession.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE CINCINNATI OUTRAGE. We give in another column copious extracts from our Cincinnati exchanges, showing the nature and source of the disgraceful outrage upon free speech, at Cincinnati on Monday night. We looked through these papers carefully to learn if any support could be given to the statement in the dispatches of the associated press, that the indignation of the community was called out by Mr. Phillips's avowal that he stood before his audience "a disunionist." We are forced to believe that the Cincinnati reporter for the Associated press sympathized more with the mob than he would have now care to confess. It seems that the outrage was the result of a deliberate plan, for a subscription was raised of \$125, which passed into the Opera House some scores of shoulder-husters at half a dollar per admission. A poor tool of a Mayor, one Hatch, held the police aloof, and Cincinnati was disengaged. In Chicago it will not be thus. Not because there are not those here who are laboring to gather the materials for a similar disturbance, but because the city authorities will make any such attempt perilous and futile.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* furnishes the following graphic sketch:

"Where are you going, Chancery?" said a hard-looking specimen, standing at the entrance of the Opera House on Monday evening. "Going on a flirt?" "Hooyay!" responded the big gambling-house keeper, recently liberated from jail.

"Come on boys, fun ahead!" shouted a big mouthed fellow, holding a glass of whisky, when twenty or thirty men, which were his followers, followed him up stairs, whooping as they went.

This was made of some of their purpose; a few remained on the first floor, but the most of them went up stairs; a dozen, perhaps, went up to the third tier; the larger number, however, remained in the second tier at the head of the stairway, and to the right of the speaker. This crowd seemed to be under the control of Bart. Smith.

Among those who remained on the first floor was a half-drunk fellow with a big dog; he succeeded once or twice in making his canine companion aid him in the uproar, but could howl and yell himself far louder than the dog.

At the time the eggs were thrown, the most of them came from the upper tier, but a boulder and one or two eggs were thrown from that part of the house where the Bart. Smith gang were gathered together.

After Mr. Phillips had spoken about an hour, this assemblage of ruffians, headed by Bart. Smith, became the most uproarious, and were soon joined by those from both the upper and lower part of the house who were bent on a row. They had now got to the head of the stairway. "Go it, boys," shouted their ruffian Captain, and go it they did.

The groans for Wendell Phillips" shouted a whiskey-nosed man. "Three groans for Judge Stålto," shouted out the whiskey-nosed fellow again. "Go it, boys," shouted the leader. "Three cheers for Major Hatch," shouted the whiskey nosed man once more. "Three cheers with a will," shouted their leader. "Three groans for Old Abe and the Black Republicans," howled out a big fellow at the top of his voice. "Into them, boys," shouted Smith. "Boo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Don't shoot him, Bart," shouted out a fellow a step nearer, to use his heavy whip began to "set upon" Jack's head, and in doing this, being drunk, he struck several of the soldiers. It was for this that they "set upon" him, and when they saw the insolent slave vultures on horse heading for the ranks, some fixed bayonets and swore that if they drew a step nearer, they would run them through. Cox continued to use his heavy whip, striking indiscriminately soldiers and the negro, and in his drunken madness, his stout, closely knit, powerful frame, his eyes glaring all on fire with rage and whisky, he seemed more like an incarnate devil than a representative of human kind.

The officer in command at length quelled the disturbance, and brought the men to quiet; and it is true, as asserted by "Franklin," that had not been for his interference, Cox would have been killed. But why? Not because the soldiers thirsted for his blood, but in his insanity of passion he continued to strike at them with his fists and whip to obtain his negro, as though they, too—Americans all—were chattels, "mudsills." Major Glass did, in the presence of these soldiers, rebuke Cox in the strongest terms for his unwarranted and mad assault, and said,

"You have uttered these men; they understand law as well as you, and they know that your attack is criminal. You should be thankful, sir, that you caught him with your life. I am commander of this battalion, and you and these gentlemen should have applied to me, and not have committed such an outrage."

"Now, it may quiet the conscience of some objectors to be informed that neither the officer in command nor one of the soldiers engaged in the fight was an Abolitionist nor Republican. This is asserted upon a personal knowledge of their politics and sentiments.

After order was restored, the regiment resumed its march. And now began the most shameful part of this odious transaction. Cox and his minions were accompanied by Capt. Morey of the 5th Regt., Executive Brigade, who had been appointed Provost-Marshal of the town of Port Tobacco, and in that capacity had enjoyed free intercourse with the inhabitants. The result was an intimacy with Cox and some others whose names appear among the jury in this case. He accompanied Cox from Port Tobacco, and stood by his side when he rushed upon the ranks and struck the soldiers.

Capt. Morey rode in the same carriage with Cox, and although he doubtless did not anticipate the result, he encouraged Cox in attempting to drag out his negro. Morey's sympathies were with the slaveholders, and they insinuate that he fare poorly while with the slaves before Cox left town; before the fight he had offered to obtain his slave for Cox. The fight marched till nightfall. Meanwhile, Morey had the deserted slaves to ride, and waited and waited for him at a certain point some distance in the rear. Under cover of the darkness, and by a false pretense made to allay the suspicion of his Lieutenant, who had promised protection to the negro for his services, Morey took Jack to the rear between a file of men, marched him to the place designated, where Cox and his comrades were in waiting, and delivered him to his master.

The fact that Wendell Phillips was mobbed the other day in Cincinnati while delivering this identical lecture, speaks well for the moral character of that city, and worse for its police regulations. That city is either full and overfilling with rank secessionism and men without a vestige of moral principle, and who are intent upon having only their own selfish principles promulgated, its municipal guardians are never present when needed, or if present, good for nothing and powerless for effectual service.

The prompt and energetic action of the Police Commission under the supervision of C. P. Burnett, turned out last night, gives a foretaste of what may be expected this evening. We understand that, in addition to the members of the regular force of police, the Superintendent will have several hundred special men sworn to-day, and seated at night in different portions of the hall, ready at the first outbreak of any disorderly person to quietly and noiselessly take that person out of the audience into the cool air, where a chance for deliberation and a breath of pure atmosphere may have the effect of calming the ruffled and turbulent spirit. In fact, it is the determination of all good citizens, as well as the protectors of the public peace, to see that the right of free speech—so long as that speech is not treason—be protected in Chicago; and in spite of the bad precedent set us by Cincinnati, and in spite of the goadings-on, and the huge efforts of certain parties, aided by a sheet whose own record is none of the fairest, if Wendell Phillips has a word to say on the war, and there are sensible people enough here to form an assemblage desirous of listening to him, both the speaker and the world-be-heards shall have a chance. Public opinion, public decency, and innocence, lay down any and all attempts to fetter free speech.

Wendell Phillips is to speak upon the war-to-night at Bryan Hall. Wendell Phillips is to be heard through his entire address, by the people of Chicago, to-night at Bryan Hall. Blackguardism and ruffianism are to have no place to-night at Bryan Hall.

MR. COX AND THE SLAVE WHO WAS WHIPPED TO DEATH.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR.—The case of "Negro Jack" was in part published in the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal of the City* in December last, from a letter from Captain Cox of the 5th Excelsior. This gentleman informed me that the whole truth was not written, in order that certain persons of the regiment might escape censure; but that now, inasmuch as the flat denial is made by the friends of Cox to the facts of the case, there is no longer consistency in nor cause for concealment.

Now for the facts: "Negro Jack" did inform the officers of the 5th Regiment Excelsior of the Secession sympathies of his cruel master, and through his information the discoveries were made—already noticed in this letter. *He did not live with the regiment*, as the jury represent, neither was he a constant guide to them. If he did drink whisky to excess, it was no more than members of that jury do (my eyes being witness); and, in one point, he was more respectable than they; the soldiers never saw Jack drunk publicly. Cox and Davis were generally so. For his patriotic and valuable services, Jack was promised, on the honor of an officer, by the Lieutenant under whose command the scout was made, that he should not be given up to his master to be punished, nor should he (Cox) be permitted to injure him.

This was necessary, inasmuch as Cox was terribly enraged at the negro for discovering the movements of Secessionists to the military. A detachment of the 5th regiment had left for Budd's Ferry some days before the remaining companies were ordered to join them. It was while this second detachment was on the march, that the capture of Jack took place. The detachment was under command of Acting Major Glass. "*Ben Franklin*" says that when the regiment (2d detachment) left Port Tobacco, they were "followed by Mr. Cox in company with about 15 or 20 other citizens of the country, whose slaves had left with the said regiment."

Now, this latter assertion I pronounce an inexcusable falsehood—a plain, bare-faced lie. Not a slave went with the regiment; and in proof of this, I assert that those "15 or 20" gentlemen took position in the square of the town, and closely inspected the companies as they filed past them on the march, on the lookout for their slaves, and failed to discover a single "chattel."

That their slaves did very ungratefully leave their kind-hearted masters, and come into camp expecting to find freedom under the Union flag, is true, but who was the blame? Who did it leave?

"Come on boys, fun ahead!" shouted a big mouthed fellow, holding a glass of whisky, when twenty or thirty more, which were his followers, followed him up stairs, whooping as they went.

This was made of some of their purpose; a few remained on the first floor, but the most of them went up stairs; a dozen, perhaps, went up to the third tier; the larger number, however, remained in the second tier at the head of the stairway, and to the right of the speaker. This crowd seemed to be under the control of Bart. Smith.

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BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1862.

GEN. McCLELLAN'S ADDRESS.

This "Address to the Army of the Potomac" was issued on the 14th ultimo. It commenced with the frank admission—"Soldiers, for a long time I have kept you inactive"—a fact too humiliating and too palpable to the country to need special proclamation, but which has caused unbounded satisfaction among those who desire to see the slave oligarchy and a satanic democracy in power again at Washington.

The reason assigned by Gen. McC. for this protracted inactivity was, that his troops might be "disciplined, armed and instructed." As if, at any time, they were not competent to take the field as the degraded and miserable rank and file in the army opposed to them? As if half a year, and more, were necessary to make it safe to move, with a hundred and fifty thousand men, half a dozen miles in the direction of the enemy! But an additional reason was assigned:

"I have held you back [they were eager to go forward long ago] that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion." How such a blow could be given by holding back until compelled by the President to move forward, and then finding nothing to strike, is one of the mysteries belonging to what is usually described by the *Post and Courier* as "masterly strategy."

It amounts to the same thing as "a tremendous letting alone." There is something very like in *Midnights Dream*—

"Lies—[Gen. McC.]—You, ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now, when I say, be born and tremble here,

With such a noise, with such a roar.

Then know I, One Sung the joiner, am

A lie still, nor else Iam the lion's lamb.

For if I should as lions come in strife

With a leather strap" that same Friday night;

It is in the days of that noble but unfortunate man, *Chesnut*, that we are now

Mobbed and dragged into the Ohio river; but for

days the mobbed terror of rioters; that the

lamented Dr. Bailey, since so long the pride of

the editorial profession, was haled and hoisted.

There is always there a noble band of witnesses

standing between the rioters and the timid respectables.

Democracy—The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lyon—*Gen. McC.*—You, ladies, you whose gentle

hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now, when I say, be born and tremble here,

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Poetry.

For the Liberator.

TRUE RELIGION.

Nor for one day in seven, but for every day,
Was Religion, God's minister, sent from His throne;
She came to be ever directress and stay;
In the heart she must dwell, and must make it her own.
Well-disciplined minds, loving hearts, active hands,
Must hail her as queen, and obey with delight!
Not wayward, or harsh, and her genial commands
Her control it is mild, and her burden is light.
Let Religion's sweet voice wake the morning with prayer,
Let her still be thy guide through the business of day,
And in the calm e'ven hush thy every care,
While her glad praise ascends to thy Father, thy stay.
Religion's fair face may be wet by the tear
Of pity for woe, or sorrow for sin;
But Religion's kind smile never turns to a sneer,
For brightly burns Charity's fervor within.
Stern Bigotry sometimes may steal her white dress,
Pride, cruelty, malice may borrow her name,
While her truest disciples and friends they oppress;
True's truth pierces light clears Religion from blame.
For "every tree shall be known by its fruit,"
Was the clearly defined, simple test of the Lord;
So Religion leaves dogmas for such as dispute
As forget that the deed is preferred to the word.
Tenterden, (Eng.) JANE ABBEY.

For the Liberator.

HEROIC SOULS.

I've seen them by the highway side,
In threadbare garb, and penniless,
Bearing the jeans and tauts of pride,
Without a murmur. Few would guess
That they were of heroic mould,
God-sent to cheer and bless mankind,
Of fifty sin, unbought, unsold,
Of earnest heart and active mind!
I've seen them in the prison's cell,
Teaching the erring of their race;
Seen them where want and misery rule—
While heaven seemed beaming in their face;
I've seen them spread the feast of love—
They gave the bread, they filled the cup
They seem'd like angels from above,
Who came to raise the lowly up.
I've seen them Freedom's flag unfurled,
And, armed with truth, go forth alone;
I've seen them rise, like gods, to hurl
The proud oppressor from his throne!
I've seen them tyrants defy—
I've seen them scorn the b'gnt's ban—
I've seen them mount the scaffold high,
And bravely, nobly die for man!
Andover. RICHARD HINCHOLIFFE.

FRIEND GARRISON—The following infinitely beautiful lines were kindly copied for me by an esteemed friend, whose acquaintance I made while travelling, some months since, in our Sister State of Vermont. They are to me like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Were their sentiment practically headed by mankind, how much it would lessen the sum of evils which afflict, and prevent the progress of our race, and bring nearer the "good time coming," for which all nature seems yearning!

Will you do me the favor to give them a place in your columns, as they may give others as much pleasure as they have afforded me, and oblige

Yours, fraternally, R. THAYER.
Boston, April 1st, 1862.**SPURN NOT THE GUILTY.**

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Sprun not the man whose spirit feels
The curse of guilt upon it rest;—
Upon whom brain the hideous seals
Of crime and infamy are prest!
Sprun not the lost one—not in speech
More cold and withering than despair,
Of stern, relentless vengeance preach—
For thy lesson will not bear!
Twill rouse a demon in his heart,
Which thou too late wouldst strive to chain,
And bid a thousand furies start
To life which never may sleep again.
No! better, from her forest lair,
The famished lioness to goad,
Than in his guilt, remorse, despair,
With wrathful threats the sin-stained load!
But if a soul thou wouldest redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God—
Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt had trod—
Go kindly to him—take his hand—
With gentest words, within thine own,
And by his side a brother stand
Till thou the demon sin dethrone.

He is a man, and he will yield
Like snow beneath the torrid ray,
And his strong heart, though fiercely steel'd,
Before the breath of love give way!
He had a mother once, and felt
A mother's kiss upon his cheek,
And at her knee at evening knelt,
The prayer of innocence to speak!
A mother!—ay! and she shall say,
Though sunk, debased, he may now be,
That spirit may not wake to-day.
Which filled at that mother's knee?
No! guilt so utter o'er became
But 'mid it we some good might find,
And virtue through the deepest shame
Still feebly lights the darkest mind.

Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him in kindest, gentlest words;
And back the lost one may'st lead
To God, humanity and good!
Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!

From the Atlantic Monthly for April.

EXODUS.

Hear ye not how, from all high points of Time,—

From peak to peak down the mighty chain
That links the ages,—echoing sublime,

A Voice Almighty leaps one grand refrain,

Waking the generations with a shout,

Over Earth's wastes, to reach forth after God!

The hand hath bidden his heavens, and come down!

Now, in this latter century of time,

Once more His tent is pitched on Sion's crown!

Once more in clouds must meet to him climb!

Once more His thunder crashes on our doubt

And fear and sin,—“My people! come ye out!

“From false ambitions and base luxuries;

From puny aims and indolent self-ends;

From cast of faith, and shame of liberties,

And mist of ill that Truth's pure daybeam bends:

Out, from all darknesses of the Egypt sand!

“Leave ye your flesh-pots; turn from filthy greed

Of gain that doth the thirsting spirit mock;

And heavens shall drop sweet manna for your need,

Rain clear rivers from the unknown rock!

Thus saith the Lord!” And Moses—meek, unshod—

Within the cloud stands hearkening to his God!

Show us Aaron, with his rod in flower!

Our Miriam, with her timbrel-soul in tune!

And call some Joshua, in the Spirit's power,

To pose our sun of strength at point of noon!

God of our fathers! over sand and sea,

Still keep our struggling footsteps close to Thee!

THE LIBERATOR.**The Liberator.**

[AFTER READING THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.]

SLAVEHOLDER'S SOLILOQUY;

[AFTER READING THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.]

then basely deserted them—who threatened to make New York a free city, and leave New England out of the reconstructed Union, “still live.” Cowed by the uprising of the people for freedom—in our armies they seek the lives of their former allies—in our legislatures they decrepit emancipation—in Congress they rail at every man as a traitor who does not believe the protection of slavery to be his only constitutional duty. But once let them have the power of government to back them, and their instinct for blood, the sole courage of cowards, will lead to atrocities such as the world has seldom seen; for only by such acts, by the entire “crushing out” of freedom, can they conciliate their former allies and masters.

Mr. Greeley, who commands the policy, may yet find the mob of the *Herald* at his doors, and the President be compelled to leave Washington as he entered it, secretly and at midnight.

REPUBLICAN.**RECEPTION OF THE MESSAGE.**

PATERSON, (N. J.) March 22, 1862.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

The last message of the President met with such a hearty reception from the mass of our citizens who wish well to freedom, received such fulsome adulations from the *New York Tribune*, and elicited such expressions of devout thankfulness to God from pulpits which usually lean to the side of human freedom, that I really wondered what it all meant.

I could not discover the profound wisdom, the eminent statesmanship, the ardent love of liberty, the broad humanity, or the well-directed and successful blow at slavery, which were said to be the constituent elements of the message.

To me, that message seemed rather the timorous and evasive manifesto of one who could not comprehend the exigencies of the times, or dare not propose the radical measures which those exigencies demand; and I astonished my friends who were glorying over the “advance movement” (as they termed it) by declaring my opinion that it was a message to be deprecated rather than rejoiced over; that it looked like a weak and wicked attempt to escape a plain and palpable duty; that nothing less than a declaration of emancipation in all the rebel States could meet the imperative necessities of the nation; that, instead of attempting to buy over the border States to the *great abolition* of slavery at some remote period, so that the Gulf States might cease to entertain any hopes of alliance with the border, the only true policy was to issue a proclamation giving freedom, immediate and unconditional, to all the slaves in rebellion; a proclamation which would be self-executing; and thus to and by a summary, high-handed process was furnished up and handed over to the loyal Georgians “as good as new.” Was not this “Glory, Hallelujah,” sung by Col. Ellsworth's Zouaves on their march from New York to Washington, and was it ever sung before? It seems about three hundred years since then, and after such a lapse of time one cannot, of course, certainly locate all events in the exact order of their occurrence, nor have I any documents at hand to verify my conjecture; but the “March till the battered gates of Sumter shall appear,” savors of our honest and patriotic, but ignorant “on to Richmond” enthusiasm in those early days. That line surely cannot have been written since Bull Run, and the “pet lands” point directly to the Caliban Zouaves, who, if I recollect rightly christened themselves thus. Does any one know the author of the song, or the time of its first appearance?

Let us look at its head of gold:—

“John Brown's body lies a moulder in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a moulder in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a moulder in the grave,
His soul is marching on.”

There is a slight suggestion of John Brown and the little Indian of the fossiliferous ages that preceded Fort Sumter, but it fades away before the real grandeur of the idea. The rude genius which struck out this lyric has hit the bulls-eye of a sublime and stirring principle. It is Bryant's royal thought clad in peasant garb:—

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.”

In homely phrase it recognizes, and seizes, and pronounces the immortality of right, the indestructibility of truth; and the people recognize and receive it with a unanimity and enthusiasm which reconcile one for moment to that most capricious of all apothegms, *Vox populi vox dei* [the voice of the people is the voice of God]. On that sunny day set in the brow of winter, that June day lost amid December snows, when John Brown cast his eyes over the pleasant land which he had come to redeem, as he rode to the gallows which was to be his triumphal car down the centuries—when he stood guarded by twenty-five hundred soldiers, and surrounded by an innumerable throng, himself the noblest Roman of them all—when throughout the South there were terror, and hatred, and exultation, and throughout the North admiration and sore regret—who foresaw—to-day? Who looked forward through these two memorable years, and beheld the bristling hosts of freedom pressing down upon Virginia soil, and ringing out the “Glory! Hallelujah!” on the spot made forever sacred by that martyrdom? I know in history no retribution more swift, no justice more complete. What can be more fitting to these sentiments and opinions until your *Liberator* of the 14th reached me: and I was happy in finding the views which you therein express fully endorsing and sustaining mine.

To Abraham Lincoln, God in his providence has given an opportunity to perform an act of justice and humanity, which the highest archangel who attends the eternal throne might well covet; but has not only given him the opportunity, but has imposed on him the duty, of striking off the chains from the fangs of our race, lifting them at once from the miry pit of chattelism, and placing their feet upon the rock of freedom. To-day God speaks to him with a voice audible above the clang of arms and the din of conflict, saying, “Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free!” But the President shrinks from the glorious task, and attempts to hide himself behind a feeble effort to bribe the border States into a *future gradual abolition* of slavery!

St. The President leaves it to be inferred, that it is the duty of Congress to compensate those persons who may emancipate their slaves. No such legal or moral obligation exists. The people may, as an act of charity, aid such persons as may ultimately suffer from emancipation, whether slave-owners or slaves. It is the plain duty of the President, inasmuch as the slaves owe allegiance to the government and are loyal, to make their loyalty available to the country, and to protect them from the traitors who compel them to aid the rebellion.

St. The proposition to purchase the slaves as a *most efficient* means for the preservation of the Government, is a virtual confession of the weakness of the North, “not fit to be made” under any circumstances, and especially improper in view of our recent successes, and while the season is favorable for action, and our forces are in the field. It looks like too much as though Mr. Lincoln feared that some of his “misguided fellow-countrymen” might get hurt.

St. Estimating the cost of emancipation at \$1,200,000,000, and the increased value of real estate in the slave States at an equal sum, (which is below the usual estimate,) the slaveholders pocket the sum of \$2,400,000,000, as the result of the rebellion—a very pretty proposition. (No one supposes they will ever redeem their skin-plasters.)

The cost of the war to the North, if ended now, cannot be less (when all claims are paid) than \$1,000,000,000; so that the North would be out of pocket \$2,200,000,000. Now, what guaranty could the North obtain, disgraced, impoverished, bankrupt as it would be, that slavery would not be re-established?

What, except the good of slaveholders? Would salvation be worth anything? The alternative offered by slavery to the Government (according to the President) is that the close of his message—emancipation and the confiscation of the property of the rebels to pay the expenses of the war.

St. The President admits that but few, if any, of the slave States will accept his proposition. Why, then, does he not at once use those means which he thinks will put an end to the war? Every day is important. There is yet danger of foreign intervention. Already Mason and Slidell have appealed to the humanity of foreign powers by offering the recognition of the marriage relation among slaves, with prospective emancipation—thus acknowledging the wrong of slavery; while the Message of Mr. Lincoln makes no allusion to slavery as unjust or impolitic, and is exorted from him by his fears for the safety of the Government. I should not be surprised if the *pure selfishness* of the proposition brought upon us the contempt of foreign powers. But, if Mason and Slidell find themselves checked, what will prevent them?—“Taking a hint from the intervention” in Mexico—from offering the establishment of a monarchy, with a foreign prince as the incubent? Southern hatred of the North is equal to any measure that will insure success.

St. But should any of the Border States “initiate emancipation,” and should the more Southern return to their allegiance, what may we reasonably anticipate? In three years, we should have a pro-slavery government, which would immediately “initiate” the “crushing out” of abolition. Northern traitors, who told us that, if there were to be a civil war, the fighting would be, not between the Northern and Southern States, but between Northern men in the Northern States—that they would be the first to seize the traitors (Abolitionists) by the throat, [see Cushing's speech in Faneuil Hall]—that the gullies of our cities would run blood. Those traitors who attempted the assassination of Phillips in Boston, and of the President in Baltimore—who by the promise of aid encouraged the South to the point of rebellion, and

then basely deserted them—who threatened to make New York a free city, and leave New England out of the reconstructed Union, “still live.” Cowed by the uprising of the people for freedom—in our armies they seek the lives of their former allies—in our legislatures they decrepit emancipation—in Congress they rail at every man as a traitor who does not believe the protection of slavery to be his only constitutional duty. But once let them have the power of government to back them, and their instinct for blood, the sole courage of cowards, will lead to atrocities such as the world has seldom seen; for only by such acts, by the entire “crushing out” of freedom, can they conciliate their former allies and masters.

Mr. Greeley, who commands the policy, may yet find the mob of the *Herald* at his doors, and the President be compelled to leave Washington as he entered it, secretly and at midnight.

TYRO.

The following is a correspondent's account of an interview with a tyro.

“We accosted a boy whose intense blackness commanded him as a genuine, unadulterated scion of Africa: ‘Where do you hail from?’ ‘Cupar House, Sah.’ ‘What news do you bring?’ ‘Nothing, massa; ‘cept dat a man lost a mighty good nigg'r dar dis mornin’, and I guess he dun lose some more ‘fore night.’”

A glorious impulse, but praiseworthy and practical, only as it is consolidated into principle. It savors of indignation rather than determination; and determination only, fixed and fortified by prudence, and strengthened by obstacles, wins the day.

His belly and thighs of brass:—

“Gird on thy warrior's armor, the battle ne'er goes o'er,
March till the battered gates of Suster shall appear;

Bast not by the way, till you plant the Stars and Stripes

Where the traitor's flag now waves.”

Apathetic, and a little pleonastic, but the *profanum vulnus* is not nice as to its ear, nor fastidious as to its taste, and the sorrow is sincere.

I conclude, therefore, that no hopes can reasonably be indulged in, that the President intends any thing more towards the “abolishment” of slavery than what follows from suppressing the rebellion.

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“John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,” &c.

“His pet lambs will meet him on the way,” &c., &c.

A sudden and somewhat unaccountable return to the original subject. Evidently the author is more thoroughly at home with John Brown than

“GLORY, HALLELUJAH!”

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

I believe this lyric has a mission. I should not be surprised if the National *Hyde*, which the thirteen states of Galicia were a *fish* for last May, lasting their hooks with golden eagles, and getting many nibbles, but no fish, should turn up gradually in this rousing song. It is a wonderful combination of inconstancy and boldness, and can scarcely have been marked out for an ordinary career. There is a high, religious fervor; a sense of poetic justice and righteous retribution; a score of grammar, and rhetoric, and rhyme, and reason; and an inclemency, a brutality, a diabolism, a patriotism, and a heroism which must make it down the popular throat sweetly as the grapes of Beulah. It has something for everybody. It appeals to all the emotions. It sounds the gamut of human nature. It